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# Child Dialect .... Verse ....



By Adelaide Pugh Smith



# Child Dialect Verse.

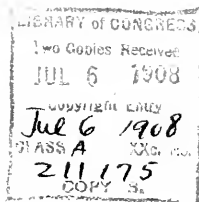
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***To the many dear little  
children, whose love or the  
memory of whose love is  
sweet to me.***

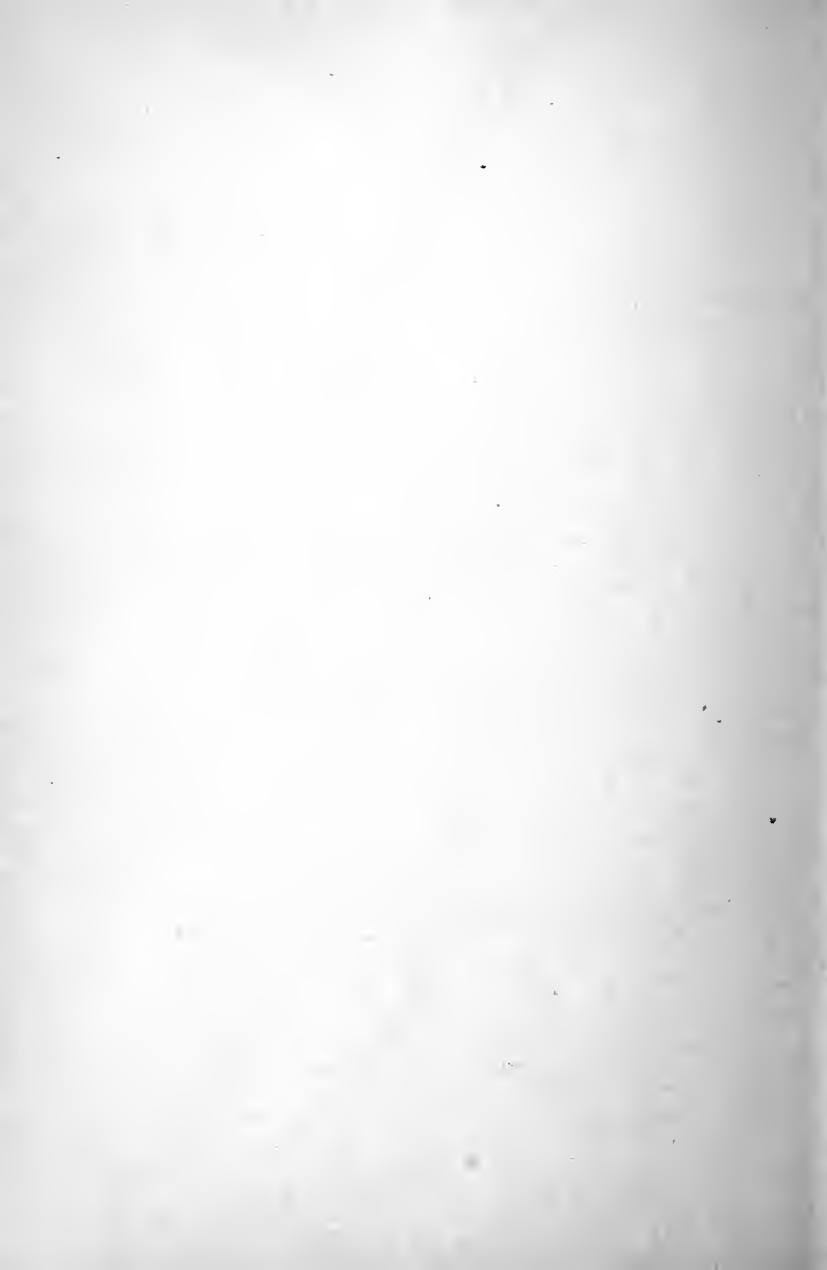


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## Proem.



**C**HILDREN, gather 'round my knee,—  
Let your merry voices be  
The only magic needed to  
Call up mem'ries dear and true;  
Take the tribute offered you  
In these simple little rhymes  
Bright with light of bygone times,—  
When I, as each of you, a child  
Gathered blossoms, sweet and wild,  
By life's stains all undefiled.



**M**Y Pa is a doctur, an'  
I heard some un say  
'At he is ist the goodest man  
'Cause he'd go night er day  
To wait on folks 'at 's poor an' sick,  
An' never takes no pay !

When I told him what they said  
He took me on his knee,  
An' tol' me 'at sech debts 'uz paid  
In coin 'at none could see,  
An' deep down in th' heart 'twus kep' —  
“ Th' best kind of a fee ! ”

## When Tommy Young Got Lost.



**W**HEN Tommy Young got lost,—  
Wuzn't they a' awful fuss !  
They ist hunted ever'whur  
Far an' near ! An' Tommy's ma 'uz  
Purt near goin' crazy, 'cause  
She wuz ist sure, she said,  
He'd gone down t' th' river  
An' falled in an' wuz dead !  
  
An' all the woods around  
Ist wuz scoured—but nothin' found !  
All the bells 'uz rung, an' when  
Most all th' town 'uz runnin' 'bout  
Tommy he come slippin' out  
Frum their own front parlur door :—  
He'd been beneath th' sofy  
A-sleepin' on th' floor !



## Content.



**S**OMETIMES I wisht I wuz a boy  
So's I could learn t' swim ;  
An' ride a horse, an' clim' tall trees,  
An' do purt near it whut I please,  
An' be as brave as him !

But when it's got right good and dark  
An' time is come to curl  
In my Ma's arm an' have her hug  
Me close t' her so warm an' snug  
I'm glad nen I'm a girl !

## Our Neighbor.



**U**S folks has got a neighbor, an'  
She's awful funny, too !  
'Cause ever' time 'at she runs in  
She allus tells us whur she's been  
Er whut she's got t' do !

When Ma she asts her t' set down  
She's purt near sure t' say,  
"Dear me ! I cain't ! My floors aint swep';  
I do declare 'at I'm jes' kep'  
A-diggin' th' hull day !"

"It's dig, dig, dig, mornin' till night,  
Tell I'm jes' played clean out !  
I've got t' go an' make a cake,  
I've got t' churn, there's bread t' bake,  
I oughtn't be about !"

An' nen she'll set an' talk, an' talk  
'Bout ever'one we know,  
An' tells th' same things over 'gain  
Some more till Ma she wonders when  
She really means t' go !

**S**ING a song of play-time,  
All join in :  
Merriment and May-time,  
Raise a rousing din !  
Jollity and June fun  
In the summer weather ;  
July's merry hours that run  
Laughing off together !  
Apple trees thro' August days  
Bright with happy faces,  
That September's sparkling haze  
Finds in schoolroom places.

## Uncle Jim's Best Girl.



**U**NCLE Jim's best girl is ist awful sweet !

Bet anything 'at she can't be beat !

Purtiest eyes an' purtiest curls,

Purtiest one uv all his girls !

An' my goodness sakes ! Uncle Jim's rooms

Ist full uv girls' pictures, and two albums !—

Guess he likes Miss Rena the best

'Cause she's lots the sweetest and purtiest !

## Goin' Barefoot.



TELL you whut, I like t' go  
Barefoot in th' summer, tho'.  
My Ma she never lets me none;—  
She don't care ef it is fun :  
Says I'm too big,—she likes t' see  
How much a lady I can be !

But wunst, when Ma had gone one day,  
An' I knowed 'at she 'ud stay  
Tell late, I slipped my shoes off, an'  
Stockin's, too, an' it wuz grand !—  
Tell a bee stinged me, an' nen  
I couldn't get 'em on again !

## Uncle Jim's Hair Treatment.



**M**Y Uncle Jim's a' awful tease !  
Bet you'd say so, too, ef he 'uz  
'Round you wunst, an' pulled your curls  
Like he says is good fer girls !

He allus says 'at why Ma's hair  
Is so long, is he took care  
Uv it so 's it had t' grow.  
Bet she didn't like it tho' !

An' Uncle Jim, he says 'at I  
Mus'n' never try t' cry  
When he pulls my curls, becuz  
Nen' they'll grow as nice as Ma's !

## After Hearing "Aladdin."



**E**F I 'uz changed t' you,  
An you 'uz changed to me,  
I tell you whut we'd haf t' do !  
We'd haf t' wish 'ith might an' main  
Fer Aladdin's ol' tin lamp t' rub  
So's t' get changed back again !

## Freddie's Bath.



**W**UNST Mrs. Adams, my Ma's friend,  
She spent the day 'ith us;  
An' brung her little boy along  
'Cause he'd a-made a fuss  
Ef she'd left him home, she said;  
So me an' Freddie went t' play  
While they both visited.

He's awful funny, Freddie is—  
An' does things ist so quick!  
Went fishin' in our big rain-bar'l  
On a box, 'ith a long stick  
Fer *Wiggletails*, an' he ist leant  
'Way over it, so's he could see  
An' splash! Down in he went!

I grabbed his legs, an' called fer Ma,  
An' she ist yanked him out  
'Ith rivers streamin' off uv him  
'Fore he knowed whut she wuz 'bout!  
But he'd ist spoilt th' water—  
Couldn't use it none, I guess,  
Since Freddie took a bath in it  
'Ithout stoppin' t' undress!



## Childhood's Ambitions.



**W**HEN I grow big, I'm goin' t' be  
A school teacher,—you wait an' see  
Ef you don't believe it! Nen  
All the little childern, they  
Won't haf to' do a thing but play!  
Er,—maybe I'll clerk in a store  
Whur they keep choclut drops, an' whur  
They have ice cream all year 'round,  
An' ever'thing else 'at's good an' sweet,  
So's nen I'll get all I can eat!

## When the Calf Chewed Freddie's Shirt.



**W**HEN Freddie Adams got all wet  
That time in our rain-bar'l, they  
Hung his clothes out on th' line  
An' dressed him up in some o' mine,  
An' sent him out t' play!

We had th' cutest little calf  
Then as could be! He'd ist do  
The funniest things right straight along,—  
Didn't matter ef 'twuz wrong,  
Ef he ist wanted to!

An' he got out the lot that day!  
Don't know how he managed to—  
But he wuz lookin' fer some fun:  
Them clothes hung there, an' up he run,  
An' ist begun to chew!

He pulled an' hauled at 'em tell he  
Got 'em all down in the dirt,  
Tramped over 'em an' dragged 'em 'round  
Then left th' rest there on th' ground  
While he chewed Freddie's shirt!

We found him,—but 'twuz too late.  
All that shirt wuz gone inside  
'Cept ist some rags! An' when  
He had t' wear a dress home, nen  
That Freddie Adams cried!

## To Mary Miller.



**D**ARLING child, who lured me to  
Gleeful plays and fancies new  
Still abiding with me, tho'  
Ne'er can I the blessing know  
Of thy earthly presence dear:—  
Art thou happier there than here?  
Canst thou feel the love from me  
Lavished on thy memory?

## Slidin' Down the Banusters.



**W**UNST when we wuz all alone,—  
Ma an' Auntie Jane both gone,—  
My Uncle Jim, he showed me how  
To slide down th' banusters !  
An' we ist had th' mostest fun !  
I 'ud slide an' Uncle 'd run  
T' ketch me 'fore I hit th' floor,  
Nen I'd go an' slide some more  
Down th' banusters !

Yes, an' Uncle, he slid too !  
Don't you wisht 'at it wuz you ?  
How awful funny he did look,  
Slidin' down th' banusters :—  
'Cause his long legs they would strike  
More 'an anybody 'd like.  
'Nless he held way up high,—  
Nen you bet he'd more 'an fly  
Down th' banusters !

Yes, an' Uncle lifted me  
On his shoulder, an' nen he  
Ist clum th' stairs, an' way we went  
Slidin' down th' banusters !  
But jes' before we hit th' floor  
Ma she opened up th' door,  
An' she ist thought 'at it was fun  
Tell I said I'd slid alone  
Down th' banusters !

Nen my Ma she scolded him,  
'Cause she said 'at Uncle Jim  
He oughtn't show me how t' go  
    Slidin' down th' banusters;—  
Yes, an' nen she scolded me—  
Said she wanted me t' be  
Ist ladylike,—no *lady* tried  
Ma she said t' ever slide  
    Down th' banusters.

Nen my Uncle Jim he said  
They'd look funny ef they did :  
But little girls ist looked alright  
    Slidin' down th' banusters :  
An' he said 'at Ma's mem'ry  
Wuzn't long as it might be  
Er it 'ud reach back t' th' days  
When they had some jolly plays  
    Down th' banusters !

Nen Ma grinned, but said 'at she  
Didn't want sech things teachd me—  
We mustn't go no more, she said,—  
    Slidin' down th' banusters.  
Nen Uncle Jim he said 'at she  
Needn't fear 'at she 'ud see  
Us slide no more—but when Ma's gone  
Nen you bet we have some fun  
    Sailin' down th' banusters !

## Christmas Defined.



**C**HRISTMAS : Day of dear delights,  
Filling childish dreams for nights !  
Candies, presents, joys and toys,  
Happy girlies, merry boys !  
Jollity supreme, and life  
Glowing with the brightness rife !

## A Query.



**W**ONDER who us two 'ud be  
Ef you wuzn't you, and I wuzn't me?  
An' whut 'ud all our folksus do  
Ef I wuzn't me, an' you wuzn't you?

## The Eskimo Family.



**L**AS' winter, when 'twuz purt' near spring  
They come a big snow. Ever'thing  
Wuz froze up solid, 'twuz so cold.  
My Pa he hired a sleigh that day  
An' took us fer a ride, 'way  
Out o' town! Ma sat in th' seat  
'Ith Pa, and I wuz at their feet  
On a little footstool, so  
Jus' my head stuck out. An' oh!  
'Twuz cold, but I was wrapped up so  
'At Ma she laughed an' called me her  
Little Eskimo in fur!  
Nen Pa laughed, an' said 'at she  
Looked like one as much as me!  
Jus' then a man drove by, Pa knew,  
An' says "W'y, hello Doc! That you?  
Wondered who it could be so  
Bloomin' like a' Eskimo!"



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## Your Baby.



**J**UST a gleam of sunshine thro' your day,  
Just a constant source of wonderment and joy,—  
Just a bit of Heaven, sent your way,—  
That's your baby,—be it girl or be it boy.

## Marian's Lament.



I IST want a baby brother  
Worse'n anything ! Ist ever' other  
Little girl in town's got one  
But me, purt' near, an' I ain't got none.  
An' them little girls declares  
'At my own Pa brung um theirs !  
That seemed kind o' funny, when  
He knowed I want one worse'n them ;—  
An' I told him so, an' he  
Said they wuzn't none for me,—  
'At God He sent 'um down addressed  
Ist like letters, where 'twuz best.  
Wonder whut I ever done  
'At God He can't spare me ist one ?

## A Nonsense Jingle.



O, THE Frizzle-de-froos  
From the land of hoodoos,  
Went sailing away in a fleet of old shoes  
Out into the bay  
Where the sea-urchins play  
And 'neath purple billows the devil-fish stray ;  
O, their deep crimson eyes  
Which would sink back, then rise,  
Filled all the dried herring with mighty surprise !  
Whenever a glance  
Shot past them by chance  
They each had a fit of St. Vitus' dance.  
And a frolicsome oyster  
Far famed as a royster  
Gasped with fright until the salt moisture  
Caused him to strangle, and his windpipe to mangle,  
He feared that they wanted his pearls for a bangle !  
All the burfishes fleet  
Made a landscape most sweet,  
By swelling all up at the explorer's feet.  
A most awful commotion  
Pervaded the ocean  
And the inmates were seized with religious devotion  
When the Frizzle-de-froos  
Made their debuts  
In their elegant crafts, on their venturous cruise :  
But an undaunted whale  
Whom nothing could quail  
Made a charge at them, his tail for a sail,  
And he ushered them in  
Where Jonah had been,  
Though they clamored and howled and raised a wild din !  
He would take no excuse  
Nor give heed to their prayers to "just let us loose !"  
So endeth the tale of the Frizzle-de-froos  
Who sailed out to sea in a fleet of old shoes !

## Christmas.



**I** 'SPECT ol' Santy Claus is ist  
A hustlin' 'round today,  
An' packin' ever'thing ist tight  
An' good in his big sleigh—  
For tomorrow will be Chris'mus Eve  
An' you'd ist better bet  
'At us three children's wonderin'  
' What all we're goin' to get.

I'm here at Gra'ma's house, an' both  
My cousins is here too ;  
An' we wuz 'fraid 'at Santy Claus  
Might not know whut to do  
When he'd not find our stockin's home,  
An' maybe he 'ud go  
An' give our things to some un else  
Close 'round 'at we 'ud know !

I felt 'most sure 'at Alice Blake  
'Ud get my lovely doll,  
An' Tommy groaned and said he 'ud bet  
His gun 'd go to Paul,  
'At lives next door to him, and Maud  
She pretty near it cried  
For fear her chum 'ud get her wheel,  
An' she'd not learn to ride.

I tol my Pa 'bout it ; I knowed  
    'At he could help us out !  
He said to write to Santy Claus  
    An' tell him all about  
Who we all wuz, an' he'd ist bet  
    Our things 'ud reach us straight,  
An' not to worry 'bout it none  
    But ist be calm an' wait.

We wrote a letter, an' my Pa  
    He mailed it for us, an'  
He put th' 'dress all on it, too ;  
    "Ol' Santy Claus," it ran,  
"North Pole, in care of Boreas."  
    Now whut you s'pose that meant ?  
Nen took it clear downtown hisself  
    So's to be sure it went.

An' so we know 'at we're alright,  
    'Cause Santy'll know to come  
Out here t' Gra'ma's when he fin's  
    'At none of us ain't home.  
An' nen I'll have my dolly sure,  
    An' Tom he'll have his gun,  
An' Maud 'll have her wheel, an' nen  
    We'll all of us have fun !

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## A-Guttin' Paper Dolls.



**S**OMETIMES I get th' Fashion-books  
'At Ma is done with, an'  
The scissors, an' I go upstairs  
Out o' th' way 'most anywheres  
An' cut out paper dolls!

It litters things up purty bad  
But Ma don't ever care  
Ef I'm a-havin' fun; an' you  
All know 'at that's not hard to do  
A-cuttin' paper dolls.

I can cut dresses easy, but  
It's diff'runt 'ith a face,  
'Cause my ol' scissors slips an' goes  
An' takes th' end all off a nose  
When I cut paper dolls.

But that don't hurt th' dollie none,  
Ef it does spoil her looks,  
'Cause she don't know, and she can't care;  
An' I purtend 'at it's all there  
When I play paper dolls!



## Innocence.



**W**AXEN eyelids folded over baby eyes,  
Little curls of gold that stray  
O'er the baby forehead in a 'wildering array ;  
On the baby lips a smile  
Like its guardian angel's kiss :  
Every peaceful breath revealing  
Heaven within it, more than this.

## Goobers.



**D**O you like peanuts? What you think?  
My Ma says 'at when  
She wuz a little girl down South  
They called 'em goobers then ;  
An' down in their big garden where  
Ever'thing most grew  
They planted peanuts in the ground  
An' raised their goobers too !



## Lullaby.



**R**OCK-A-BYE, hush-a-bye, drift into rest  
Mother's sweet baby, your head on her breast ;  
Lend your pink ear to sea fairies' beguiling,  
Send your wee shallop among them a-smiling !

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, glide all the night  
O'er mystic waters with rainbows alight :  
While, at your side, float the fairies along  
Tinting your dreams with their lullaby song.

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